Vol. VI. Numb. 38.

THE OBSERVATOR.

The Country-man's *Ramble upon the* Exchange *of* London. *His Discourse with his Corn Factor. Of the Certainty of the Design upon* Thoulon. *The* Country-man *again perplex'd about the Saints. Work for* Lesley. *The* Rehearsal *is awake from his long Sleep.*

From Wednesday, July 9. to Saturday, July 12. 1707.

Obs. WHAT, cloudy again, *Roger?*

Country-m. Aye, Master, I have been at that wicked Town, call'd *London*; I vow they so addle my Brains with their Noise, Hum, Buz, and Jargon, that poor *Roger* can't tell what to make of 'em. This is a Generation of Unaccountables; of Particulars that will suit with no Sample of former Ages; and methinks, the *Londoners* differ as much from us in the Country, as we differ from *Mahometans*, or the Tribe of *Lesley*.

Obs. What's the Matter, *Roger?* How have the *Londoners* disoblig'd thee?

Country-m. I went upon the *Exchange*, to speak with Mr. *Barley*, my Corn Factor. I had not been in that Place a long Time before, but I found it just as it was. The Man-eaters stood at the Entrance, and every now and then, they gave a Merchant a civil Tug by the Sleeve, which made 'em look as pale and as sower as Butter-Milk: Some of 'em they only tugg'd by the Sleeve, and let 'em go again: Those, I suppose, were Men of Fidelity, whose Words they could take. Others they took by the Sleeve and hawl'd 'em off the *Exchange*, just as our *Towzer* takes the Swine by the Tail, and pulls him from the Beans. Thought I, this is a Sign of a bad Trade.

And so I found it, when I came upon *'Change*, for they were all talking of News, as I thought. Two and thirty Guineas upon *Thoulon*, was all the Cry. I doff'd my Hat to one of 'em, and said, *An't please your Merchant-ship, is* Thoulon *taken? No, no, Country-man*, said he, *'tis not taken; but I give this Man thirty two Guineas, to pay me an hundred Guineas if it be taken by* Christmas *next. Will you lay any Money, Country-man? No*, quo I, *but I will lay you a Wager, if that Place be taken, that the* French *King is ruin'd.* Then comes a Parcel of Whippersnappers, with their Pens in their Ears: *Shall I make your Policy, Sir? Shall I make your Policy?* Policy, thought I! I am sure there is want of Policy some where, when our Merchants and Traders are become Wagerers and Stock-Jobbers.

At length I chopp'd upon Mr. *Barley*, and he and I went to the *Puzzle* Tavern, where we began to talk of publick Affairs. I told him they had a Power of Money at *London*, when they risk'd so much in Wagers, ventur'd such vast Sums on the fortuitous Chance of blind Fate. Said he, Roger, *thou ar't mistaken, this is a Sign that there is little Money and Trade, that our Merchants are beaten out of Commerce, or that they are all in Dotage, grown into Children again, when they play with Guineas, as the Boys do at Chuck and Span-Farthing.*

Well, but said I, *Master* Barley, *I am satisfy'd, from another Reason, that there is abundance of Money in the Kingdom, and that is from the Loans upon the Funds granted by Parliament, the Money to be lent, is pay'd in* 48 *Hours Time.* Said he, *Thou ar't mistaken again*, Roger; *this is a sure Sign of Scarcity of Money, and Want of Trade. If our Merchants Ships did come and go safe, the Money lent upon Funds, or employ'd in Stock-jobbing and Wagering, would be employ'd in Traffick and Commerce; for a Merchant would never be content with* 5 *or* 6 per Cent. *if he had a fair Chance of making* 30 *or* 40 per Cent. *by Trade.*

Obs. Well, *Roger*, I find your Factor is a pretty sensible Man; they are blind indeed, that can't see the Scarcity of Money, and that the Diversion from its regular Circulation, is the Occasion. Money ought to circulate in a Kingdom, as the Blood in the Body natural: When the Blood is low, when it stagnates or abounds, Medicines ought to be us'd to cause a regular Circulation. So in Respect to the Opulency and Wealth of a Kingdom, the same Care must be taken, that the current Coin should circulate in Trade. Whatever Thing puts a Stop to the Currency of Money, let it be what it will, and upon what Account soever, it is a Dam to Trade, and stops its regular flowing. Money gets Money; and the more is employ'd, the greater is the Increase. The Ways of advancing our Coin, and increasing it, is a Thing worthy our Consideration, and at some convenient Time, we may hint at it. ——— But what said your Factor to the Expedition to *Thoulon?*

Country-m. Master, what he said, puts me in the Dumps. He said, that Mr. *Observator* made a great Splutter about that Expedition; but that's his usual Way, said he, to present the People with Views of happy Successes, to keep up their Spirits under the Frowns of Fortune, when he knows nothing of the Business. How should he know of a Design upon *Thoulon?* He's no Privy-Counsellor to the Queen, or any of her Confederates. And what griev'd me most, was, he told me, that he did not believe that there was any such Design in Agitation.

Obs. I judge of all publick Designs, from the Circumstances that are in View. When I see thee with thy Flayl in thy Hand, I conclude thou ar't going to thresh Corn, and that Sort too that will bear the best Price at Market.

The Confederates could have no Prospect of penetrating into *Provence*, before that famous Victory at *Turin*; but when they had cut a Way open with their Swords, it might easily be imagin'd,

magin'd, they would take the Advantage of what they had purchas'd with so much Hazzard, and at the Expence of so much Blood. And upon this Account, the Victory at *Turin* is likely to conduce more to the Benefit of the common Cause, than both the Victories at *Hockstedt* and at *Ramilly*.

The Duke of *Marlborough*, after the last Victory, was forc'd to diminish his Army, to garrison many strong Holds in the *Spanish Netherlands*, which disabl'd him from penetrating into *France*; which could he have done the latter End of the last Campaign, he would have din'd at *Paris* before the End of this: But Prince *Eugene* and the Duke of *Savoy* have all open before 'em; what Garrisons the Duke leaves on his Rear, are chiefly in his own Country, and under the Safe-guard of his own Subjects. No Army can pretend to oppose them in their March, but such as is made up for the most Part of undisciplin'd Peasants and Boors, and such too, as by their heavy Oppressions, are willing to be freed from Bondage, and cannot resist without fighting against themselves.

To me, the Design upon *Thoulon* seems certain, because it is highly reasonable. What better Project can be advanc'd, than one that will intirely ruin the common Enemy? A Field-Fight is but killing and destroying *French*-men; but taking *Thoulon*, is destroying the naval Power, and consequently is a killing of *France*.

Again, the Design seems certain from the Preparations of War made in those Parts. The March of the Confederate Armies, seem directed to that Point. The Confederate Fleet, as by our Advices with the last Mails, is now on the Coast of *Provence*, with a great Number of Soldiers on board, and all Things necessary for such an Enterprize; and 'tis from the Reasonableness of the Things, the Disposition of the Armies and Fleet, that I make my Conjecture, and not from any certain Knowledge I have of the Design; but Time will show whether I am right or wrong; and that a short Time too.

Country-m. Master, I am so confounded about these Saints, that I don't know what to do.

Obs. More Saints yet, *Roger!*

Country-m. I protest, upon my Country Word, that I believe they have more Saints Abroad in the Popish Countries, than we have Sinners at Home; and we have a Power of 'em too among the tacking High-flyers.

Obs. What new or old Saint is come to Life?

Country-m. Why, the Duke *D'Anjou*, to perpetuate the Battel of *Almanza*, has granted great Privileges to the Inhabitants of that Place, and they are to celebrate a Yearly Festival in Honour of St. *Mark*, who is now ador'd as the chief Patron of *Spain*, by Reason that Action happen'd on that Saints Day. Now, Master, won't they invite that Saint to Dinner?

Obs. If it be in Term-time, and he can get a Rule of Court to come, perhaps they may. They value the Saints no more than so many Jacks of *Lent*; but this is a Trick of the Priests, to perswade their Cub-King to make a Festival for themselves; those Bacon-headed Fellows will fill their Guts, and swill their Throats finely on that Day.

Country-m. I find their Saints are more powerful than ours; we make Application to the Lady of *Montserrat*, and the Lady of *Loretto*, to their Holinesses in Petticoats, to the She Saints that don't know how to fight; but they make their Addresses to the swinging gigantick *He* Saints, that are us'd to towelling and rubbing down the Enemy.

Obs. *Roger*, I never heard that they made their Addresses to St. *Mark*, and so he can be esteem'd no other than a Voluntier in the Battel, and therefore he ought to receive the more Honour.

Country-m. It's a hard Case, Master, we had no Saints Voluntiers in that Fight; I hope they did not go to *Barcelona* too.

Obs. I don't trouble my Head about 'em.

Country-m. But they trouble my Head at a strange Rate; I can't sleep for 'em. What is this St. *Mark*?

Obs. I can't tell.

Country-m. But, Master, you are a Scholiard; did you never read of these Saints? Can't you tell me what wonderful Fellows they were?

Obs. Not I; I ann't so well vers'd in Popish and High-Church Legends. 'Twould be a proper Task for *Lesley* to write on that Subject. I don't understand dedicating of Swords and Churches to Saints. All our Churches in *London*, are dedicated to some Saint or other; but I don't know but some of 'em might have been as great Sinners, as any in *Whetstone*'s Park.

Country-m. If *Lesley* should write on that Subject, I'll warrant him he would make an Addition to the Catalogue of Saints, and put Saint *Laud* the Martyr, into the List. —— But now we talk of *Lesley*, he's awake again; he is recover'd of Dr. *Coward*'s *Opium*; but he stares like a wild Cat, and begins to lay about him like a *Bethlemite*.

Obs. I han't read one of his Papers a long Time, and 'tis too late in the Night to read it now. 'Tis not worth my while; not worth the Expence of an Hour, to compare the *Rehearsal* with Dr. *Coward*'s Book, to see how many Lies and Forgeries, how many Misapplications and Misconstructions he has put upon the Doctor. But this was but a wheeling of the *Irish* Cock, to gain Breath, that he might the better engage the Queen's Right to the Crown, and the Peoples Liberties.

Country-m. Right, Master, he begins already, and we'll take him to Task some Time or other. But now we must depart with a Bumper to Prince *Eugene* and the Duke of *Savoy*.

This Day is publish'd,

*** A new and exact Draught of the City of *Thoulon*, with all its Fortifications. The Basom for the *King's* Ships of War, *&c.* Together with a particular Draught of the Bay, with all the Batteries for Defence thereof, *&c.* Sold by *B. Bragge*, in *Pater-Noster-Row*. Where may be had a Hexagon, fortify'd with all Sorts of Outworks, according to the modern Method of Fortification, useful for all who read the publick News.

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These are to give Notice,

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LONDON, Printed for the Author, JOHN TUTCHIN.